

OUR ROUND ROBINS.

Unprinted Tales of the Heroism and Hardships of Seafaring Men.

Many "Evening World" Readers Who Have Been to Sea.

Competition for a Golden Prize for the Best Sea Story.

CONTINUED.

Letters sent to addressed to the "Evening World," P. O. Box 22,354, New York City.

WRITE ONLY ON ONE SIDE OF THE PAPER.

The letters must not exceed 250 words in length.

Stories sent not copied or paraphrased from books or periodicals, historical, &c.

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A prize of \$20 in gold will be awarded to the author of the best story.

Crossed the Fjord in a Pinky.

The scene is the beautiful Christiania Fjord in Norway. It had been our custom to spend Saturday and Sunday at Nesoen, a strip of country lying about ten miles across the fjord from Christiania. The sailboat was the only means of conveyance.

Sunday the weather had been fine, but Sunday the rain had fallen, and because of the weight of the snow, we would depart. The next day was but a repetition of Sunday, though the rain had stopped, fierce gales were on, and the fjord was roaring and foaming.

I had had an important and uneventful engagement in the city, and must reach the town. However, Berit, an old fisherman, offered to convey us across in his boat, a craft haled among the peasants for its speed.

His heart (as most Norwegians are) was in the oars, and his daughter was steaming the racing sea. I will never forget that event. The little craft jumped and tossed about on the top of the mad waves, cutting the confused mass, and admirably obeying the commands of an experienced sailor.

On my last sail, after the next ten minutes brought us to view, through the gathering fog, the brigata dock, and I felt that we were safe.

As we neared the quay the snow, white as of many little shipper, while sailing, had fallen over the bulwarks, like a banner over the heads of a mad army, were hauled down, and amid the cheers of the interested spectators we stepped ashore. CHAS. OLIN.

Fell Overboard, but Were Saved.

During the year 1834 when nearing Halifax a sailor, who was always playful, began to play with me and we both fell over the rail. I grasped the swinging boom, while Bob, the sailor, hung on to me. Both of us fell into the water.

Feeling the ship's bottom grating, on my back I pushed myself from her. In a few seconds we came to the surface on the weather quarter, the ship going about like a kid. The sailors, set low and aloft, the man at the wheel did not bring the ship to for fear of carrying away the straining sail boom.

By this time we could not be seen from the ship. The crew pitched the boat overboard, filling her half full of water.

The sea was very rough, and Bob's head and I called to the sailors in the boat to pick up Bob first. Being picked up, he was prepared for the ship, she being about three miles from us. I bailed the boat out with an old boot. Bob and I had been swimming an hour and a quarter.

I did not think of being drowned, but thought of a large blue shark we had seen the day before. However, we reached the ship in safety.

The weather was fine until about four years ago, when I became very sick, and fell thankful to Him who cares for all that I am spared to tell the tale.

OLD TAN.

CLOSE CALL FOR A COLLISION.

HARD OVER! HARD OVER! ALL HANDS ON DECK!

And springing from the poop to the Mizzen rigging, the "old man" leaned far out, peering into the darkness.

Round spun the wheel, and as I threw my weight upon it I could see the great ship's answering swing. Even as I noted this, with a sound of mighty wings beating the air, with a hiss of foam, blinding spray, and a rush of black water that sprang to our very tops, a full-rigged bark shot past us. Our yards-arms clinked

against hers and the cold air from her sails touched my cheek like ice.

For a second the stillness of death seemed to have been cast into the night a ringing cheer struck.

With the face of one who sees death the skipper walked to the wheel. Glancing into the binnacle, he put his hand on my shoulder.

"My son, you know how to obey an order," he said, and then with a roar,

"Believe the lookout and send him off."

"I was in the forecastle lighting me pipe, sir, and I thought there'd be a lot more in the other ship, sir."

The mate had been sent from his shoulder, inspired by righteous wrath and the fearful peril, escaped shot forth a harsh and hard tongue as a pine knot of his native State. All the dentists in Manila, which port we were just entering, couldn't rearrange that lookout's teeth.

B. G. M.

DOUBLING CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

During the homeward voyage of the H. G. Johnson, of Newburyport, Mass., in 1872, from the Philippine Islands to Boston, a few days before rounding the Cape of Good Hope we were to have to pass the Leeuwin. At noon we sighted a large ship to windward in the same condition as ourselves.

When the storm moderated in the afternoon, we could make sail; she followed until each ship was under full canvas.

In a few hours she crossed our bow near enough for us to discern that she was an English ship bound for Liverpool.

The weather remained fine for three days, and on the fourth was the Leeuwin, when we would repeat. The next day was but a repetition of Sunday, though the rain had stopped, fierce gales were on, and the fjord was roaring and foaming.

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MUNITY AND A BURNING SHIP.

April 29, 1890, the ship Yuba left Mexico for Brazil. Before sailing two seamen bolted. The Captain picked up the first two sailors he could find and two more villainous-looking men never crossed a plank. They were half-breeds, called Kyan and Haymon.

From the first they refused to obey orders, and this soon affected the crew.

The crew, always hard to manage, became worse, and the tenth day out reached a crisis. A storm had been brewing all day, and at 6 o'clock it broke.

At 7 o'clock the ship was set on fire, and the mate, the cook, and steward were hauled to the deck to put out the flames.

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NOTES OF THE STAGE WORLD.

The Academy of Music to Have a Roof Garden in the Future.

John L. Sullivan's Debut as a Star Postponed.

The Academy of Music is positively to have a roof garden the season after next, and the management claim that it will be several times larger than that at the Casino; in fact, the largest in the world. It will have sliding sides and a roof of glass, so that it can be used in Winter as well as in Summer. It will be open for the coming season if it had not been that "The Old Homestead" will be the attraction. "The Old Homestead," as we all know or ought to do by this time, if we don't, is distinctly a temperance play. To be sure, Uncle Josh indulges occasionally in a glass of Medford, and E. G. Gilmore is understood to have but few scruples as to alcohol, though he is very fond of cold water—in a bathtub.

Still the roof garden and "The Old Homestead" would hardly go well together. The play will begin its fourth and last season in New York at the Academy Oct. 6. Mr. Gilmore went to Saratoga yesterday to drink the undiluted water. Alexander Comstock, his representative, who, by the bye, enjoys the rare theatrical distinction of drawing a salary fifty-two weeks in the year, remains in the city.

Little Mr. Arthur Dunn, the clever little comedian who was the Muff in last season's "Bluebeard," has been engaged by Frank McKee to play the classic role of Ratty in "A Tin Soldier" next season. He is studying his poetic part by the sad sea-waves of Coney Island. Imagine getting a moonlight inspiration into "A Tin Soldier!" Perhaps, however, Mr. Dunn patronizes West Brighton and cons his part from the picturesque heights of a razzle-dazzle or the sweet incline of the toboggan.

John Doris, of Eighth Avenue Museum fame, opens his season Sept. 1, and promises many good things. He is trying to stage his museum, and coverts a neighboring building. Eighth avenue is a little world all by itself.

Miss Helen Mowatt, the vivacious, souffly little mother of Bob Clarendon, the child actress, was on Broadway yesterday. Miss Mowatt says that the name Clarendon is dead to her, except as far as her own personal memory goes. She was recently separated from Bob's father, Bob Clarendon. Her older child, Bobina Lambright, has been engaged by Daniel Frohman.

Robert McWade talks of producing "The Redhead" again, this time in New York. It was done in Cincinnati some time ago under the name of Franz Herschel. "I call it 'The Hesherites,'" he says. "The other title was misspelled. People may not know the meaning of the word 'Hesherites.' Then they can ask."

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